

PUNCH

OR

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Charivaria

A WRITER in a New York paper describes Jersey as the latest possession of the Reich. He forgets Italy.

Paragraphs from leading articles in one London paper at a public library are continually cut out by readers. This enables other readers to see through what the editor says.

Thousands of bottles of red and white Chianti are regularly supplied to the personnel of the Italian Navy. And many varieties of port.



An L.D.V. writes of the tranquillity of the countryside during the night hours. Sometimes it is so quiet that he could hear a bomb drop.

STALIN has never sat for his portrait, we are told. And, judging by recent events in Rumania, it doesn't look as if he will ever be done in oil.

Anzacs on leave in London sleep in the stalls of a West End theatre. So our supply of future dramatic critics seems assured.



A veteran Australian soldier who was last in London during 1916 says he can't see much difference in the West End. Hasn't he noticed that *Chu Chin Chow* has transferred from His Majesty's to the Palace?

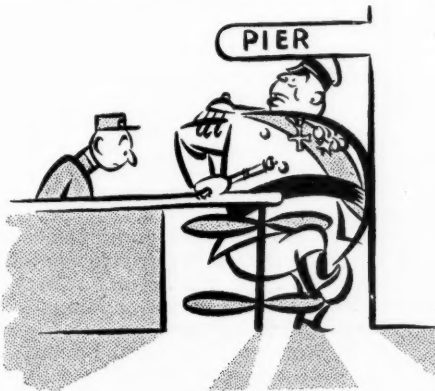
Count CIANO was received by Herr HITLER in his luxuriously furnished private room at the Berlin Chancellery. It is understood that a special carpet was laid for the FUEHRER to have his visitor on.

The FUEHRER on his return to Berlin appeared on the balcony of the Chancellery but did not make a speech. In some circles it is regarded as a sign of weakness that he is thus beginning to pamper the German people.

Rome radio explained that the Italian naval forces could not reach Oran in time to engage the British Battle Squadron. One theory is that they made a long detour round a British armed trawler.

According to a doctor there is a lot more in grapefruit than meets the eye.

A business man maintains that the expensive scents and perfumes that women use should be taxed to help to pay for the war. But aren't we paying through the nose already?



"Many people are missing their usual cruises this summer," says a travel agent. Especially the German Navy.

Steps have been taken to render seaside piers impossible as landing-places. In any case nobody would be allowed to leave the pier without a ticket.



"Now, Sir, is there anyone who has a grudge against you?"

What's Not What

TWO characteristic British phrases of defiance have been much heard lately concerning the proposed invasion of Britain. One is "We'll show him what's what." The other is "He'll soon know where's he come to!"

Like other good old phrases they are not well suited to the conditions of modern warfare. We are, in fact, by methods of deception quite alien to the British character, doing our best to ensure that the invader shall not know what is what, or where is where.

But are we doing our best? Are we doing enough? The German parachuter, from all I hear, descends upon the chosen soil equipped for a very fair party. He has a folding motor-bicycle, a collapsible boat, four or five rubber cannon, a celluloid bath,

a pocket typewriter, a wireless set or two, skates, picnic-hamper, cocktail cabinet, and a small upright grand piano. Loaded though he is, it seems to me just conceivable that he has found space as well for a map or two of the district allotted to him. It is even possible that the German General Staff, who seem to be quite good organizers, have had him trained in map-reading.

If there is anything in these timid guesses, is it enough to tear up the signpost which said "TO BURBLETON" and to paint out the name of Burbleton Station? The man has only to climb the nearest fence with his map to see Bunton Church on the little hill-top to the southward, Hunton Church on the big hill to the westward, and Dunton Church at the bend of the river in

the east. He will then, assuming he knows which county he is in (which, *ex hypothesi*, he does), say "Dis vos Burbleton. Ja." Or perhaps "Yah!"

Should we not therefore go a little further, that the parachuter may not go so far? Should we not leave the signpost where it is but let it say "TO BRIGHTON"? And on the Burbleton platform let us boldly paint NOTTINGHAM or DURSTING PARVA. This would give the enemy something to think about.

And let the same shrewd practice be observed in the big cities, where, after all, there may be fighting too. Let Piccadilly be labelled Oxford Street and Oxford Street the Fulham Road. You may say "But if we did this everywhere the enemy would pay no attention to any names, and we should

be no better off." Ah, but we *shouldn't* do it everywhere. Some streets, and even some signposts, would have the right names still, and the enemy would never know which to believe. See how clever I am! Or you might have all the signposts in a given county saying gaily "TO BRIGHTON." The enemy would then go mad. There are endless possibilities in this new form of warfare; but we seem to have gone no farther than the fringe.

So much for "Where is where?" What about "When is when?" At a time like this, against an enemy whose every movement is planned (and often executed) to a precise time-schedule, should the clocks of our country tell the right time? Nay, Sir, none of them. Or rather (see the preceding paragraph) some of them.

Imagine. Two parties of invaders arrange to make a converging attack on Bumbleton at 12.30. The clock on the public library (to the west) says 11.53. The clock on the fire station (to the east) says 4.27. The great clock on the Town Hall (in the middle) says 8.15. Actually it is half-past ten. What is the enemy to do? One of the parties "launches" the attack (why, by the way, are attacks always "launched" nowadays?) too soon; the other does not get going at all. Hitler is baffled.

Then there are dates. You all know the Fuehrer's passion for dates; and, no doubt his followers and forces have acquired it, as they acquire all his bad habits. Imagine. The enemy are marching on London. They are due to arrive there on August 15th. It is August 13th now. At Bumbleton they buy *The Times*. It says August 2nd. "Himmel!" they think, "it is too early. We must halt." They fall out and buy *The Daily Telegraph*. It says August 15th. They fall in and rush ahead. On the way they buy *The Daily Sketch*. It says July 20th. Next day they listen in to the B.B.C. First News. "Good morning, everybody," says the announcer brightly. "It is Friday, May 31st." What happens to the enemy troops? They go mad.

I tell you, if we play our cards well in this affair we can send the enemy away crazy and raving. What, after all, is their own technique of invasion? It is to produce a state of confusion in the reception area (so to speak), so that the inhabitants are not quite sure who anybody is. Well, we must go one or two better. We must create a state of affairs in which the invader has not the remotest notion who, what, where, or how anybody or anything is. Everything must look like something else. Imitation churches should be placed on hill-tops all over the country to deceive

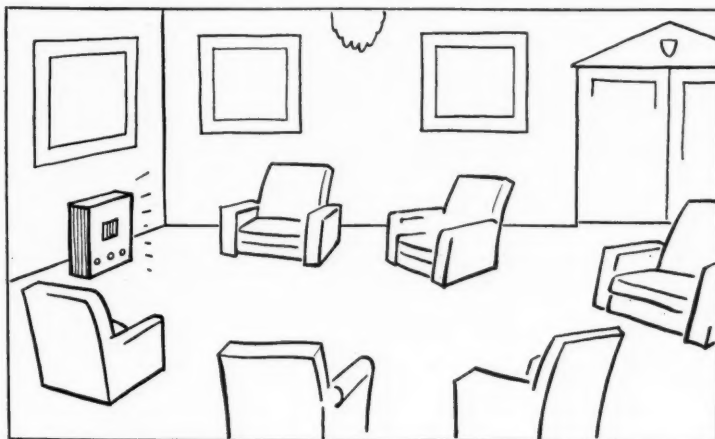
the foreign map-reader; and these of course must be strongly armed and garrisoned. Things like letter-boxes should turn out to be dust-bins; and both, when approached, should blow up.

You have been told already to make your motor immobile: the same should be done at once for horses. Tie the hind leg firmly to the head and the enemy will be baffled. The L.D.V. should be disguised as cows. Policemen should discard their uniforms and department and lounge about like suspicious characters. Bus-conductors should be dressed as policemen, and given hand-grenades. If there are any unlighted buoys off our shores they should be lighted again and put in the wrong place. The Palace of Westminster should be converted into a fortress,

to be the last stronghold of all, and Parliament should meet at Billingsgate. Big Ben might be moved to Soho, to deceive the parachute boys. Hyde Park should be painted grey to represent the Thames, and large cardboard ships be dotted about it. If I had my way I would take the lions from the Zoo and place them in tanks along our eastern shores. Their roaring would upset the rubber boaters: and if we have not enough lions we must get some more. What is the Minister of Supply doing?

Dash it, there are a thousand good ideas that leap at once to the mind of the ordinary citizen, and if they are not adopted by those in authority, then all I can say is that these men are devoid of vigour, drive, initiative, etc.

A. P. H.



"And here is the—"



"nine o'clock news."

The Fall of France

(Thousands of Frenchmen have decided to hold by the Allied Cause and help us in the struggle against the enemies of liberty.)

OH, give Surrender all its names
And call the fighters fools,
Say that the world would crash in flames
Unless the tyrant rules.

Think earth is sweet where men have breath
Although they live like slaves;
Dishonour does not wound like death,
There is no light in graves.

But some of us have kept the word
By land and air and sea
That brave men in the past have heard,
The roll-call of the free.

There is no life, there is no room
For those who yield to fear,
The coward bargains for a tomb
And buys his death too dear.

And little graved shall be on brass
And sung by poets few
The horn that Pétain in the pass
To Mussolini blew.

EVOE.

o o

One Good Turn

IHAVE now learned after some eighteen months in the Army to turn to my right, to my left, and even to turn about, all in slow time. I cannot yet turn about in quick time; it takes a soldier as old as Marshal Pétain to do that. However, what I can do.

Would it interest the readers of *Punch* to know how to turn about in slow time? It ought to. Turning about in slow time teaches balance, poise and co-ordination of mind and muscle. It also, as my instructor points out, enables you to face the direction opposite to that which you were facing before—an invaluable attainment if, for instance, you find yourself going the wrong way. At a time like this every able-bodied man and woman in these islands ought to acquire balance, poise and co-ordination of mind and muscle—in a word, the about-turn in slow time.

Let's take it by numbers.

On the command "One" shoot the right foot out to a distance of thirty inches, at the same time raising the left heel off the ground. Head up, chest out, arms thrust downwards and close in to the sides. Don't lose your balance, you look fine. Now take a cautious squint down at your feet, and observe that whereas everyone else has the right foot out you, as luck will have it, have the left. Deflate the chest, hang the head and try to change feet without anyone noticing. It can't be done.

"Two." "Two" is really good. You'll like "Two." Raise the left foot high in the air, bring it forwards and round, in a sort of scythelike motion, and put it down, against and at right angles to, the right foot, toe touching instep; in fact make a T with your two feet.

How do you feel? Like a pantomime horse?

Now straighten yourself up, thrusting the arms down and sticking the chest out as before. This has the effect of forcing the knee-caps out through the backs of the knees and doing something mysterious and horrible to the small of the back. Try it sometime in your bedroom; but don't overdo the straightening up or you may break the knee-joints altogether and miss the rest of the exercise.

"Three." Fun for the right foot. We left this foot, if you remember, poised neatly against the left, forming the leg of the T. All right. Hoist it up. Swivel the body round and put the right foot down again, still against the left but this time with the heel instead of the toe touching it and forming an angle, not of 90 degrees but of 112½ degrees. It can be done. It isn't easy. It pulls the liver out of shape and does irreparable damage to the walls of the stomach. On a still day you can hear the thigh muscles popping like corks under the strain. But it can be done. The last two and a half degrees are the worst.

Why 112½ degrees?

Well, look. You began like this ↖, with your feet, as shown in plan, at the correct angle of 45 degrees. Now what did you do? You put your great right foot straight out in front of you like this →, and then you went like this ↗. But you want to end up like this ↘. So your right foot has got to get through a right angle *plus* half of 45 degrees, which equals 112½ degrees. Do you see that? I mean, if anybody isn't quite clear about it all, don't hesitate to ask.

A point arises here. It may be that having started off like this ↖ the second position should really be like this ↗, keeping the angle between the feet the same, you see, though the right has moved forward. That would mean naturally that the third position would be ↘, 22½ degrees nearer home, if you see what I mean, so that the right foot would have to make a final turn of only 90 degrees, which should be well within the capacity of any true patriot. I will make a note to ask the sergeant about this. Meanwhile, bruised, battered and bleeding internally, we are like this ↗. Straighten up there, on the left. Yes, you with the dirty cap-badge.

Ouch!

What happens when the spleen bursts? Do people recover?

Straighten up man! What's the matter with you this morning?

Crikey! What was that?

Good. Now we've got it right. All that remains is to bring the left foot smartly round into the position of attention—"Four"—and the thing is done.

Now let's try it over again from the beginning, and for the love of Gawd try to put some snap into it.

H. F. E.

o o

The Mistaken Vocation

THE ruling race must dominate the world
And govern lesser peoples, Hitler taught.
How many millions must from life be hurled

To show that Germans are not what he thought?
ANON.

o o

"ITALIANS WIN BOAT RACE
BRITISH NAVY PUSH BEHIND"

Amateur Newsbill.

The Italians are always asking for a row



EAMON DEFYING THE LIGHTNING



WAR-TIME WEAKNESSES—PREOCCUPATION

Letters of Lotti

VERY RESPECTED MISTER PUNSCH,—Us here in Hundskadaverberg seems it still impossible that real the french we boten have. That so a brave folk should give themselves in was unconceptible and shows mere the might from our chivalrous armies. But now that France is been boten and we has taken all the big towns and havens, sees lastly the french peoples how brave and kind and good is our field-greys. Herr Stiefellecker's son, what is in Paris, send us examples from all the french newspapers who is resurrect itself behind the occupation, and it is clear therefrom that the french now verstand that you british it was what seducted them to war with their traditionel friends the Germans. So

very unanimous is this feeling that many from the articles use even the same expressings in its reporting. Johann Stiefellecker tell that there be other papers published in the very small part from France who yet to the french remain, what say other, but naturely are this everything lies. How obvious is it to us all that only in from-us-occupied lands can one proper the truth herself express. Heil Hitler!

About the french flot cannot I myself with calmness speak. That you should wantonly attack an ally was bad, that you should take its flot from patriotic french people what only wanted to help us was terrible, but that you should to say that you do not trust the Fuehrer's word after how he has always so truly kept it, were as how

blasphemy against God. *Ja* worse! Heil Gott! Heil Hitler! . . . Pardon! I should to say, Heil Hitler! Heil Gott!

To talk of flots, our brave Admiral Raeder, we hear out a letter of Willi Strauss, who is a leutenant with naval, have again inspect the gloryrich german battle flot. This time the visit were much brieflier because the Admiral not can walk all round the ship how he made before, because from some reparations what musted to be done, where a wave brokeed itself on board while coming back out Norway and hurted one of the battle-flot's funnels. Equal afterwards another wave brokeed itself on board while she lie in Kiel Harbour and hurted her other funnel. Much from the crew of the german battle-flot have holiday up till that she

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be ready for go sea again. Ach! Our brave battle-boat and her captain and crew!

Equal so brave, naturely, is the ships from our noble Axis Allies, and all men feels great pride over the valourful story from the Italianer U-boat what done fight one heavy armed british fisch-boat and in the deed force it to flee just before from her into a british Red Sea haven. As she also have gone in after fisch-boat, we have can suppose that the haven also is been captured. Heil Mussolini!

Tante Hilde is very busified to prepare visit at Berlin and to take some of us, before all for to see the world-known Compiegne Front rail-coach wherein Our Leader have underwrite the Armistillstand with France. Wunderbar thereat to think that in the same coach was so much years ago the wicked Armistillstand signed what grinded our hot-loved Fatherland into the dust, and how magnanimous were the Fuehrer to not impose terms likeable. Heil Hitler! For the remaining, the scene musted to have exactly be repeated, outside that the french Generals was in the other seats and the sock was been weared on the other foot. Herr Doktor Wahrsinn, all though, say very earnest it be one other big differment. As all say what, he look about very careful to see when the door be close, and say, "That other time was also sitting there a british Admiral." Teh! Teh! The Herr Doktor should not must tell such things as all was happy. Tante Hilde wep in her ersatz coffee, what make him turn blue. Some chemical in the tears, no doubt.

In the coffee yesterday night was two from our brave Italian allies which convalescence themselves at hospital afterwards they is been wounded. Once, so tell they us, they has bravely defenced the West Wall, after that the French is been driven out from the Maginot Line. "Ach, so it was safe for to let you be there," say one from the Bäumer brothers out the cobbler's shop, what by the last war fought at the Trieste front. The Italianers immediately arrived in big anger and as they see that Fritz Bäumer a wood leg have because his naturally one became losted at the World War, they all both attack at him with angerous expressions. It seem a fight be shall come, but Herr Doktor Wahrsinn say them Herr Bäumer's remark were kolossal complementary, for Italianisch bravery be so very known that they sure had would attack the french on the spot if in their near, and in their big battle-zeal perhaps dessert the West Wall defences on what through commanded

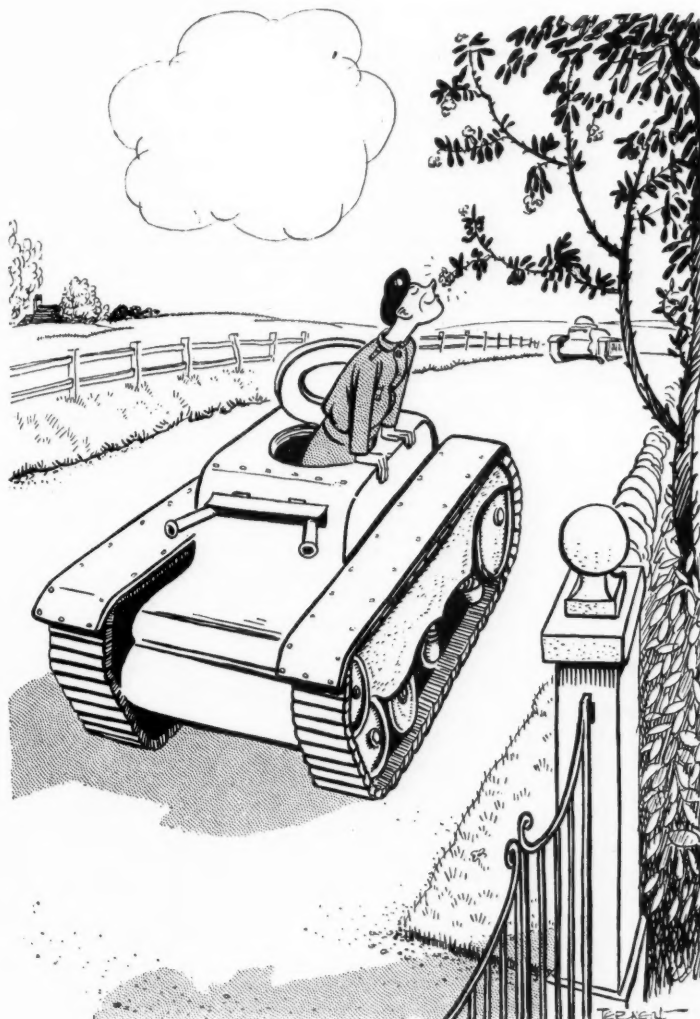
they should must to stay. And then he have large trouble again with his eyelid what droop, and this time see I clear that Fritz Bäumer have also acquised from him that same eye-ill. When I say this to my mother she respond that drooping-eyelid is in english called the "wink," but I musted never this to say because that she like Herr Doktor Wahrsinn. I find this hard for to understanding: then I look after the word in the english dictionary what you me friendly send, and see that a "wink" is vulgar sign what men to girls do. Always have I know that you Englanders be common and not behandle women so chivalrous how we. But never has I anticipate such what from Herr Doktor Wahrsinn,

who have childer and wife. Perhaps exists any mistake.

Now will I stop.

LOTTI.

PS.—You should to tell your readers that as we now also have France by addition as Holland and Denmark, no shortage from butter, what you so joke of, exist any wider. Tante Hilde buyed two grammes for us in the last week. And our cousin Kurt, what is S.A. man, have so much he sell it to the Juden, what make good joke for that after his brother Ernst, what is Gestapo, arrest them for the crime to have butter, and then give half back to Kurt what give him half the Juden money. It not can be said us Germans no sense of humour have. A. A.



At the Pictures

THE NAVY AT WORK

Convoy is a very sound British film which takes you right into the heart of the Navy and the Merchant Service and leaves you full of gratitude for what they are doing. It gives an extremely exciting impression of a naval battle and describes the whole business of shepherding ships. Considering that women trespass on the story, not as Wrens but as distressed passengers, this is not over-dramatized, and indeed everything about the film rings true. Its director, PEN TENNYSON, has had the advice of a naval officer, so I assume it to be accurate; there is no doubt of the authenticity of the lower-deck dialogue, which is tremendous. The group of A.B.s listening in to Haw-Haw's account of the action in which they have just engaged can be imagined.

CLIVE BROOK is a Captain in command of a cruiser and a convoy, JOHN CLEMENTS is a lieutenant who has run away with his wife and is posted to him, and JUDY CAMPBELL is the wife, who has run away for the second time. The refugee ship in which she finds herself should have joined the convoy, but is commanded by a fiercely independent old captain, EDWARD CHAPMAN, who insists on steering his own course and so falls into German hands. Disobeying orders, the lieutenant sends help from the convoy and is disgraced. But soon all that is forgotten in a running fight with the *Deutschland*, the British cruiser engaging the pocket battleship in spite of the heavy disparity in guns. She gives her a dusting, but is only saved from annihilation by the timely arrival of a British battleship. During the action we are mainly shown the scene on the bridge of the British ship, but the camera ranges about and occasionally takes a change of smoke in the *Deutschland*, where the size of the officers' collars does much to reduce the appearance of the streamline. I get no feeling of "studio" from this film; it is a strong and in places a moving story, realistic and acted very naturally. And it is better than just good blood-and-thunder, for it has humanity and imagination, i.e., the magnificent scene of the Polish refugees singing in the hold. Number One performance is that of EDWARD CHAPMAN. What a good character actor he is!

Rebecca, an American film though directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK, is not so successful, and personally I put it as a treatment of the novel, in spite



PERSONNEL

of its larger opportunities, below Miss DU MAURIER's stage version. It does not set out to concentrate so frankly on making a good crime story,

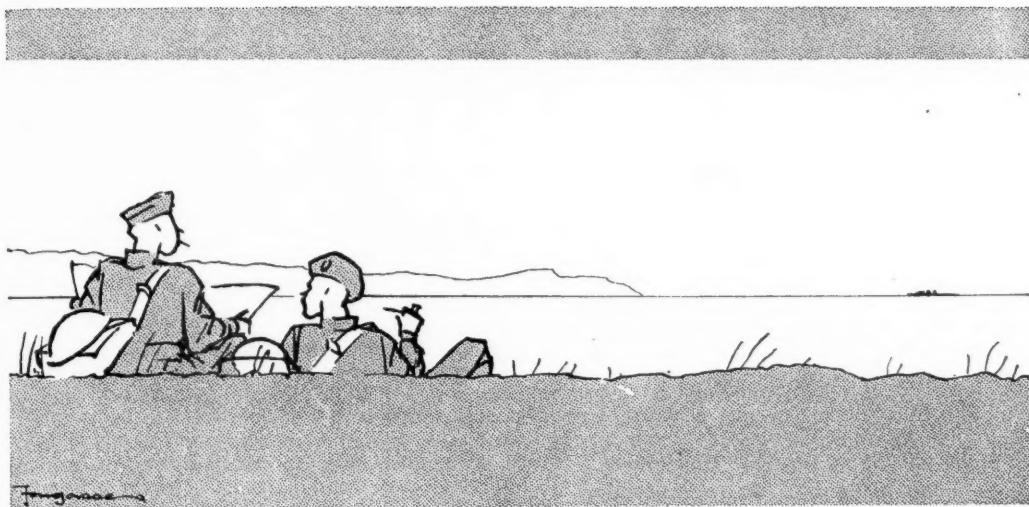


BLIGHT

Maxim de Winter. LAURENCE OLIVIER
Mrs. de Winter. JOAN FONTAINE
Mrs. Danvers. JUDITH ANDERSON

and there are signs that HITCHCOCK tried to capture something more of Miss DU MAURIER's original intention, but the result is rather flat and mechanical and the sinister background of the old house is not so dominating as it might have been. JOAN FONTAINE comes out very well, better than LAURENCE OLIVIER, who gives *Maxim* personality but not much breadth of character. As for the terrifying house-keeper, JUDITH ANDERSON's stately insanity raises shivers but not in the quantity produced by MARGARET RUTHERFORD's shocking craziness on the stage. The course of the book is followed closely, HITCHCOCK using the same epilogue form of opening, most effectively. JOAN FONTAINE's performance, though she grows up with almost too much of a bump, is the best thing about a disappointing film. It is interesting to see the stage scoring off the screen on a wicket which one would have said favoured the screen at every turn.

I am sorry to have to report that a French film directed by that excellent artist JULIEN DUVIVIER is a flop. *La Charrette Fantome* suggests that EDGAR WALLACE and Dr. BUCHMAN had lunch together and pooled their ideas through the medium of a competent cameraman. It is all about the down-and-outs of a French city whose better feelings are worked on by a Salvation Army lassie whose unashamed employment of a pair of saucerish eyes wreaks havoc in the pubs and causes strong and brutal men to fling alcohol and despair behind them. Parallel with this theme goes the notion that anyone who dies on the stroke of midnight of New Year's Eve has to drive Death's creaking wagon during the coming year. Some of the tramp stuff is well done, as it should be when the cast includes that fine actor LOUIS JOUVET, and there is a forceful revivalist scene where recruits to the Army paint their sins in brilliant colours, but PIERRE FRESNAY has an impossible part in the wine-sodden glass-blower whom *Sister Edith* wheedles on to one wagon and rescues from another. The end is a really terrible mix-up of trick photography and maudlin sentiment. If it was truly the practice of the French branch of the Salvation Army to encourage tramps to take unaccustomed douches during snowstorms, then I can only say their system needed overhauling. ERIC.



*"So our poor old Empire is alone in the world."
"Aye, we are—the whole five hundred million of us."*

Off Our Rockers

ONE of the people I used to enjoy visiting was old Mr. Rusbridger. He was very fond of chairs. Hanging over his bed were two lines from a poem by Eliza Cook, in a gilt frame:

*"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old
armchair?"*

Besides the bed he had very little furniture in his house except chairs, but he had these in profusion. He had Hepplewhites, Chippendales, Sheratons, Windsor, cane-seated, rush-bottomed, padded-backed, spindle-backed—in fact chairs of such variety of design, material and upholstery that his home resembled an educational frieze of the British Chair through the Ages.

Everybody laughed at Mr. Rusbridger's theories about chairs, but I believe that in his own peculiar way he reached the truth. He was convinced that the development of the chair marked the progress of civilization, and that the use of the chair was the only thing that distinguished man from the other animals. He had a disconcerting habit of shooting at one such

questions as "Did you ever see a horse sitting in a chair?" or "Can a dog sit in a chair with its feet on the ground?"

So far old Mr. Rusbridger and I agreed. We were thinking along the same lines. But at this point our opinions diverged. He would go on to declare that all the troubles of the world were due to the fact that we had lost the art of sitting. Modern chairs, he would say, were more comfortable than they had ever been. It was just that everyone had forgotten how to sit.

Now, I am certain that old Mr. Rusbridger was quite wrong about one thing. The modern world has not forgotten how to sit, but, deep down, is more anxious to sit than ever. Our troubles are due to a curious perversion of an admirable desire. We are far too eager to sit.

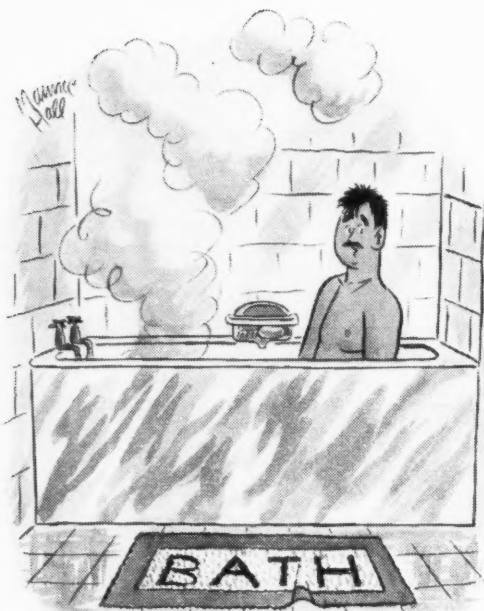
What Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton did not recognize was that man is possessed with a strange mixture of two overwhelming passions. One half of him longs to sit, and the other half to act. Generally we satisfy one passion while putting ourselves in a position to satisfy the other. On Friday evenings, when we are scurrying into the country, chafing at each inconsiderable delay, we are only

hastening to sit in a chair. When we work night and day and sell our souls to furnish ourselves with a modest competence, we are always looking forward to the time when we can buy a chair and sit in it.

This urge has resulted in a mass mania that has now reached fantastic proportions. The war is just a symptom of it, and no more. For the world has become a whirlpool with everyone struggling to reach the vortex before his neighbour.

It is significant that there is one sort of chair that is rarely found in Europe to-day. It was invented by the greatest of all Americans—by a man with a restless spirit and great natural philosophy. We owe a lot to Benjamin Franklin, but the rocking-chair is our greatest debt. For in it a man may satisfy both his desires. He may sit, and yet enjoy the illusion of movement. He may rush madly to nowhere, and yet continue to sit.

When the war has ended and the statesmen of all nations meet to discuss a durable peace, let us hope that they will be thus provided, so that they can pass the rest of their lives in agreeable council, willing to move, but unable to get up.

*Siren? Cistern?*

Toujours l'Audace

WHEN I read of the probabilities of invasion, of the impending descent in all our back gardens of parachute troops clothed in liquid fire and exuding machine-gun bullets from every pore, of incendiary bombs on the attic and high-explosive bombs on the lawn and one thing and another, what I now ask myself is "Would Flash Gordon be perturbed or unsettled in mind by all this?" and what I now reply to myself is "Certainly not."

I had heard of Flash Gordon before I came to Manchester, but I had never studied any record of his adventures. Now, however, I have for four or five weeks been regularly visiting a news cinema where a serial about him is being shown. I believe it was shown somewhere in London, but I didn't bother with it then. How wrong I was! There could be no better tonic for anyone who is feeling a little upset at the prospect of fighting invaders street by street, alley by alley, house by house, room by room. Inspired by the resilient and indeed all but indestructible Flash Gordon, the embattled householder will be a match for anything he is likely to get.

For somewhat more, in fact (at a conservative estimate), than he is likely to get. I haven't heard that Hitler has yet perfected the Annihilaton, or Walking Bomb, an automatic man, controlled from a distance, which can be exploded BOOM! just like that if any rash policeman or L.D.V. goes up and asks for its Identity Card; but Flash Gordon would wrestle with one as soon as look at it, confident that the resulting explosion will merely roll him into a shell-hole and daze him a little.

It seems that there is a plague on the earth. No, not the one you think: this one is called the Purple Death and makes vast crowds, when they aren't occupied with dying,

mill in the streets outside stock exchanges. It is caused by something called The Death Dust, which is being strewn on us from the heavens at the orders of the villainous Emperor Ming, who rules the planet Mongo. (Or do I mean Mingo?—no, the mingo is apparently the currency on Mongo. "This means a reward of a thousand mingoos," observes one of the Mongo soldiery. I don't know what they all eat—mangoes perhaps.)

The Emperor Ming aims at what he often sonorously calls "my Cahn Quest ofth'yunivsrse," which of course Flash Gordon and his father (whom you have probably seen as often as I have in the guise of a police-inspector) do not propose to allow. Flash therefore sets out to stop it, with a Professor Zarkov to invent anything that may be needed, and a girl scientist named Dale Arden, whose function is to be rescued from everywhere, in a device shaped like a bloated swordfish and propelled by rockets, which is called a space-ship.

I lose my way a little in the story: I do not know exactly where they are when they encounter similar space-ships manned by the minions of the saturnine and merciless Ming; but they do keep encountering them right and left, and there are aerial battles punctuated by large, juicy but not very loud explosions and clouds of light-coloured smoke which looks as if it might smell of incense. There are other weapons ("Our number two ray cannon is disabled, Sir"), but I don't know what effect they have when loosed off.

However, it is on the ground that the really impressive behaviour, such as all of us should be concerned to imitate, is in evidence. When the space-ship swooshes out of the lowering sky and slithers to rest in a ravine—it never seems to slither to rest anywhere but in a ravine, for Mongo is a mountainous spot—and sinister thugs in helmets appear from behind the local rocks, does Flash Gordon hesitate? No. The side of the ship opens and he comes briskly down the steps, ready to crack somebody on the jaw. One sinister thug projects at him some streaks of lightning from what appears to be an electric hair-drier, and for a moment or two he is given pause; but it seems he has one of these things too, and the lightning from his proves to be more effective.

Another time he and all his party are hanging precariously halfway up a rocky mountain-side, I forget why, when a group of Annihilatons approaches, clad in silver paper and walking with the goose-step. Recognizing her cue, Dale Arden slips and falls right in their path, followed by various other members of the party. The Annihilatons are coming! What is to be done? Nearer—nearer—

Of course that's the end of the episode; but next week we see how Flash (Go To It) Gordon deals with the situation. Bam! He just jumps down himself—thirty feet, a hundred feet, what difference does it make?—and starts laying about him. They crumple up, the big bullies; one or two may go so far as to explode, but this merely indicates their desperation and does nobody else much harm. . . .

Here then we have our exemplar. When we meet a unit of total warfare, a member of the terrible army with spanners (pardon me), haloed with doom, breathing fire, festooned with the mechanism of destruction, what should we do? First of course we should inform the police and the military; but then we should do our best to emulate Flash Gordon, who would undoubtedly bustle up and give the big ape a kick in the pants.

R. M.

Flaming Motherhood

"Using a wartime simile, Alderman — described as 'incendiary bombs' two maters 'dropped' by County Alderman — at the annual meeting."—*Local Paper*.



SIGGS

"... and here is the news in Esperanto."

Ups and Downs

YEARS and years ago, about the time Hitler was trying to persuade Vienna housewives that a nice jade-green paint would go best with the wallpaper they had just chosen, I was a struggling young journalist, and one day I was sent to interview a famous author. He was so rich that he had two lifts in his house, one for going up and one for coming down, which was very fine, though he confided to me that he could never remember which was which and therefore spent hours sitting in the hall trying to pluck up courage to ring one of the bells. If he rang the bell of the down-lift when he wanted to go up he knew that Egbert Slazenger, who was in charge of the down-lift, would give him a dreadful look. If, on the other hand, he wanted to go down and rang the bell of the up-lift, he knew that Charles Wilbraham, who was in charge of the up-lift, would burst into tears.

So he almost always used the stairs, so that Egbert and Charles had no work to do and grew fatter and fatter, until one dreadful morning after a night-shift which they had spent mostly in eating rich viands passed through the bars by the cook, it was discovered that neither of them could emerge owing to being fatter, taken either sideways or frontways, than the gate of the lift.

The famous author laughed fiendishly at them through the bars and then fled into the country; but all this happened of course after my interview with him, during which he only mentioned Egbert Slazenger and Charles Wilbraham in what may be briefly summed up as an unprintable aside.

"Tell me," I said, licking my pencil, not knowing that it was an indelible one and that I should therefore go purple inside, "the secret of your success."

He was sitting behind a large desk after the style of Louis Something. I put in my article that it was Louis XXII, but this involved me in a long correspondence with a reader at Bolton, who said that there was no such person. I got out of it rather cleverly by saying that the desk was of futurist design. On this desk, all in a neat row, were eleven typewriters, and presently the famous author gave an exhibition

of himself at work. He would hammer out a few words on one typewriter, and then remove the paper and throw the typewriter out of the window. Then he would put the paper in the next typewriter and repeat the performance until all the typewriters had gone.

"A man of my standing," he said, "can't use any letter more than twice at most. The word 'onomatopœic,' for instance, requires two typewriters. I get, roughly, £10 a word for my stuff, and second-hand typewriters cost only £5 each, so if I keep my language simple there is a considerable net profit."

It was the word "net" that gave me the idea, and when I left the famous author my plans were more or less laid. Going down in the lift with Egbert Slazenger, I arranged with him, when nobody was using the down-lift, to stand outside the window where the famous author worked and catch the disused typewriters as they came down, in a large shrimping-net which I promised to supply. I then crossed the hall and went up with Charles Wilbraham, who agreed, when nobody was using the up-lift, to take over the net from Egbert Slazenger.

We arranged to sell the typewriters at the best market price and to split the proceeds as follows:

Me: 50 per cent.

Egbert Slazenger: 20 per cent.

Charles Wilbraham: 19½ per cent.

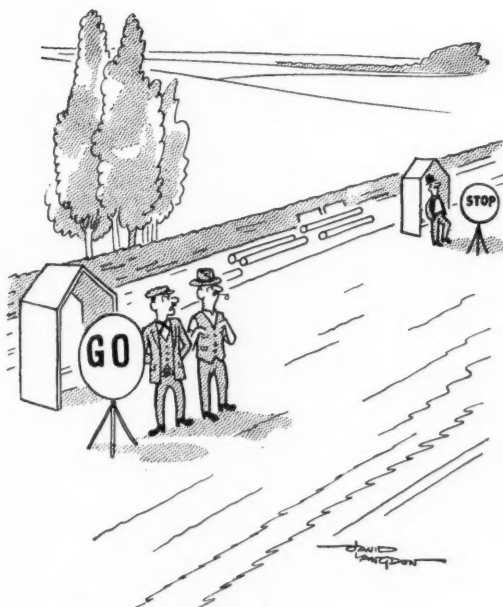
Society for Relief of Indigent Authors: 4¼ per cent.

Y.M.C.A.: 6 per cent.

In three years we had amassed a considerable sum, and I was able to give up being a struggling young journalist and become a famous author myself.

I have now bought a house with four lifts—one going up, one going down and two going sideways, and this afternoon the famous author who was the unwitting fountain of my prosperity but who has now himself sunk to a mere editorship, is calling to ask me the secret of my success.

I shall not tell him. Let him make up his own lies.



"Obstinate as you make 'em."



"I say, was that 'the siren?'"

Old Faithful

THE motor car I drove to-day was new twelve years before.

Her paint was once a pretty green; it isn't any more. She also had a bonnet then and wings that were not torn, A radiator-cap as well as brakes and door and horn, Because she was a birthday treat, a present from his pa To William on his twenty-first. ("Go slowly," begged his ma.)

Though now she's somewhat shabbier than on that distant day—

Can't even boast a licence, for she only makes the hay, Still she roars across the stubble collecting up the grass, Boiling bubbles of enjoyment, spitting hot drops on the glass.

She scoops the hay so cleverly upon her giant prongs That I take her rowdy utterances for self-contented songs.

Well, William's out in Egypt now, a-serving of the King, He thirsts for news of England, of his home and everything, So I must write and tell him of his motor, and how she Has seen another summer and assisted Victory. J. G.

Travelling in War-time

IF there is one thing which makes you notice the war I would say it's travelling. As you know, before the war travelling meant going abroad, and people did it because they wanted to write a travel book, or because their old labels had come off their suitcases, or sometimes just because they felt like it. But now travelling means being in one part of England and having to get to another.

Before the war people used to look up their trains in time-tables. They turned the time-table sideways and ran their finger down the names of the stations and a knife-handle up the page till it covered the figures up to the line opposite the station; and so they were able to find out which trains either didn't stop at the station they were starting from or didn't get as far as the one they were going to. But in war-time it won't work. Even supposing you have a time-table published since the war you can't put any heart into using it. However lately it was published, you feel that another has been published since.

So my first piece of advice is to make up your mind not to worry yourself thinking which train you might have caught if you'd had a time-table. Tell yourself that if you get to the right platform of the right station and there is a train there, you'll catch it. I mean, if you can find a porter or guard to put your luggage in the van. Remember that in war-time not all men in dark-blue suits and white shirts and caps with gold braid are guards. Most of them are naval officers.

Getting to the station with your luggage is of course your first problem. It depends on how much luggage. If you have only two suitcases, one of those metal-handled baskets of fruit and a mackintosh rolled round a rug, you may be allowed to take them on the bus. (I am assuming the bus goes near enough the house for your landlady's son to push the luggage to the bus-stop on a wheelbarrow.) If you have a trunk, then I am afraid you will have to ring up the garage man for a car. You must ring up long enough before the day you want to travel on to make sure he will have some petrol, but not so long before that he will either have been offered more money by someone else catching the same train or else forget which day and arrive two days early.

Probably you always asked the booking-office clerk, the man who punches the tickets and the guard when the train is and which platform, so I needn't remind you how important this is in war-time. The trouble is knowing which of them to believe. There is a strong tendency to believe the last person you ask, but if you want to be really certain go on asking till two people with railway badges on their caps say the same thing. Then get into a carriage—don't bother about looking for an empty seat, but Smoking and No Smoking still hold good—and keep your head out of the window till you see your luggage going into a van. You needn't try to remember how near your compartment the van is, because the train is bound to have had bits added or taken away by the time you get out.

Your compartment will be nearly full of soldiers. I mean, it will be quite full but the people will be nearly all soldiers. The main thing about soldiers is that they have an awful lot of luggage with sharp corners. Of course you must remember about careless talk, but, you know, soldiers hardly ever talk. They sleep. If they are already asleep, with their boots on the only empty seat in the compartment, then you should go and stand in the corridor. This will be full of children, and the main thing about them is that they jump up and down, and when a child jumps up and down in a railway corridor its gas-mask case catches you on the leg.

You will have to change trains at least twice on your journey, and at one stage you will find yourself with two hours and a half to spend in a town you have never seen before and may never see again. Make the most of your chance. Don't waste the time. Walk slowly down the principal shopping street. Look in the shop windows and think what you would buy if it wasn't early-closing day. Have a cup of tea in a café. Have another in another. Walk back slowly along the street to try to find one of those little shops which sell newspapers and sweets and cigarettes and are always open in every other town you've been to. Then walk very slowly indeed up to the station, and you will find you have an hour and twenty minutes left.

The other time you change trains will be different, because you will have half a minute to cross by a subway, and there will be a platoon, or regiment, or however many soldiers it takes to fill a subway, marching through it. When you do get to your platform you will find your connection is a minute late and just due. This means you will have to wait only *one* hour and a half, but of course you mustn't leave the platform in case it arrives. It's not really safe to go to the buffet, because in war-time people have to concentrate so hard on getting the girl behind the counter to notice them when all the other customers are soldiers that they can quite easily not see a whole train come in and go out again.

When you finally reach the station you were aiming at all along there are several ways of getting to your destination. You *can* of course leave your luggage and walk. Or, if this would take too long, you can ring up and ask if there is any chance of being met; all you do is find a

telephone box and dial "O" and wait for as long as it would have taken to walk. Or you can leave your luggage and take a bus. Try to remember that if you had, say, a mile to walk if you hadn't taken the bus, and the bus drops you a mile the other side of the house you want to get to, it is no easier walking *that* mile than the original mile. But by that time not many people remember anything much. All they know is that they are still trying to get to the place they want to get to, and they have the wrong kind of shoes on.

One thing more. You must have noticed how the wireless and the papers are always asking people not to travel more than they can help in war-time; not to do it just for fun. So remember that too, will you?

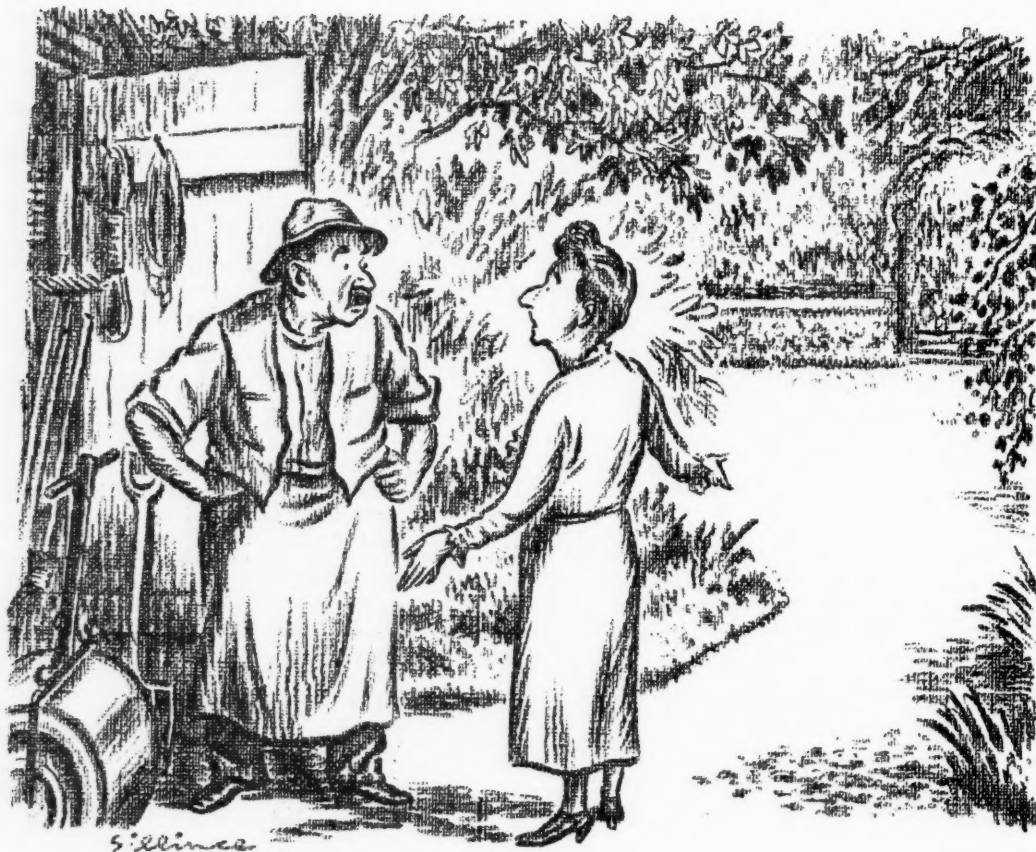
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In a Good Cause

MR. PUNCH would like to draw his readers' attention to the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund, which is the only organization sending non-educational books of every kind, outdoor and indoor games, music, instruments, gramophones, records and material for hobbies to our men in captivity, who will be in more and more desperate need of occupation as autumn approaches. Although the Fund works with the Red Cross Society, it receives no money from it; and official regulations forbid the acceptance of goods. Donations for what is clearly a most excellent object, touching us all in varying degree, should be sent to: The Hon. Treasurer, Appeal Section, British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund, 506 Carrington House, Hertford Street, W.1.



"All right, one more Heinkel, Master George—and then down you go."



"I'll have you leave the roller in the middle of the lawn in future, Brown, in CASE any German aeroplane should attempt a landing."

The Secret Enemy

THE enemy that stealeth by
Has never gun nor sword nor flame,
Nor bolt of thunder from the sky;
He is an ill without a name:
The shadow that he casts is shame.

He is as silent as the tomb
But has no majesty of death,
He is as empty as a drum
But never a sounding word he saith;
Nor has he any heed of faith.

He bears no gun or a clean sword:
Secret the weapons that he brings—
Silence more treacherous than a word,

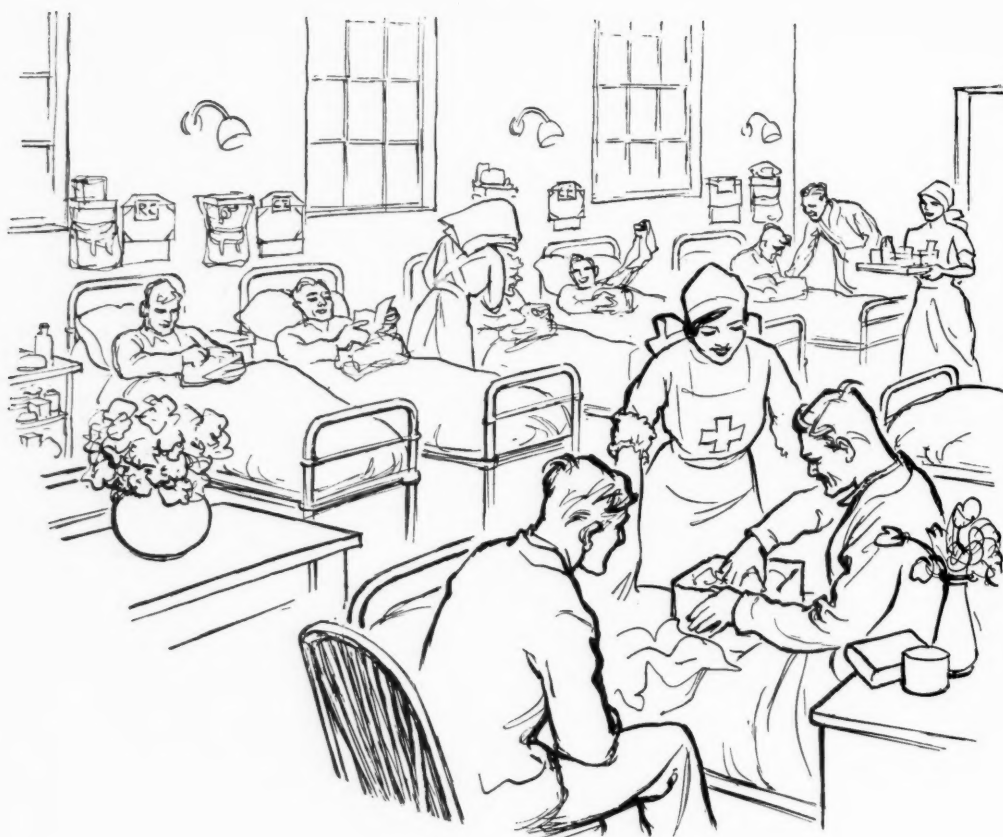
No flying challenge on bright wings
But a questioning of eternal things.

The enemy that stealeth by
Comes not by land nor yet by sea
Nor down the pathways of the sky;
The soul's own enemy is he,
As strong as any let him be.

Here is encounter all may dare,
All love the right, all hate the wrong;
Lest he waylay us and ensnare
Let us stand firm where we belong,
Let us be steadfast and be strong.



FRANCE 1940



Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

THE Hospitals are now more than ever in urgent need of supplies for the wounded, medical and surgical appliances of every kind.

Apart from these, the Air Force, the Navy patrolling the Northern seas, the crews of our minesweepers, the men at searchlight posts and anti-aircraft stations, still require extra comforts such as Balaclava helmets, sea-boot stockings, gloves, mittens and woollen waistcoats.

Our Fund has already bought and distributed a large amount of raw material to be made into comforts for men serving and for Hospital patients, but there is demand for much more.

If you can spare a contribution will you please address it to: Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Tuesday, July 9th.—Lords: Statement about French Navy. Debate on Evacuation of Channel Islands.

Commons: Statement about French Navy. War Credit of £1,000,000,000 agreed to. Debate in Secret Session on Economic Warfare.

Wednesday, July 10th.—Lords: Debate on Internment of Aliens.

Commons: Debate on Internment of Aliens.

Thursday, July 11th.—Lords: Statements on Egypt and Palestine, L.D.V.s and Aircraft Production.

Commons: Debate on Agriculture.

Tuesday, July 9th.—The Navy has carried out the most unpleasant series of jobs in its history with extraordinary efficiency. Mr. ALEXANDER told the Commons to-day how the most dangerous capital ship afloat, the French 35,000-ton battleship *Richelieu*, was put out of action in the early hours of July 8th as she lay at anchor at Dakar in North-West Africa. As at Oran, our commanding officer gave the French authorities four honourable alternatives, which were refused, and as at Oran, the account afterwards put out by the French was untrue. The French threatened to open fire on the sloop sent ahead with these offers by the British admiral, and so they were transmitted by signal. When it grew clear that the offers were rejected, and

after waiting some time, the attack on the *Richelieu* began.

Lt.-Commander R. H. Bristowe was sent into the harbour with a motor-boat carrying depth-charges with which he contrived to smash up the battleship's propellers and steering-gear, lying in shallow water. Going in, the motor-boat had to pass the boom defences; on its way out (unimaginable moment!) it broke down and lay helpless. Its crew got one engine running, however, and managed to clear the harbour nets, which caught their pursuers. Soon afterwards the main attack by the Fleet Air Arm developed, and a number of torpedoes were successfully dropped. Reconnaissance showed the *Richelieu* to be down by the stern and listing to port.

Paying tribute to the boldness of this action, and to the way in which the naval staff had stood up to the strain of dealing with the problem of the French Navy so soon after they had had to organize the emergency transport of 600,000 troops and refugees, Mr. ALEXANDER gave the score as it stands: of France's eight capital ships, only one now remains out of our hands or undamaged—the *Jean Bart*, sister-ship to the *Richelieu*, and presumably being hunted at the moment, though Mr. ALEXANDER would naturally not discuss her.

The Lords heard a similar statement from Lord SNELL, and passed on to the money difficulties of evacuees from the Channel Islands, some of whom have found themselves penniless although their bonds were in the head offices of London banks. The LORD CHANCELLOR promised Lord PORTESEA that everything would be done to assist them to prove their identities and so be able to draw on their accounts.

Question-time, which now sometimes gives the casual observer the impression that it is a one-man show conducted by the Member for Ipswich, Mr. STOKES, who is prepared to ask supplementary questions about anything under the sun, produced nothing funnier than Mr. GALLACHER's anxiety that Parliament's holidays should be brief, and the House then fell into a financial trance from which it shortly afterwards awoke to find that Sir KINGSLEY WOOD had removed the very grave sum of one billion pounds from the national pocket.

Secret Session on Economic Warfare, Mr. DALTON the Chief Conspirator.

Wednesday, July 10th.—The Government are keeping a watchful eye on *The Daily Worker*, so Lord CROFT told the Upper House; and though Lord STRABOLGI held, and rightly, that it was not the working class which had



THE IPSWICH IRREPRESSIBLE

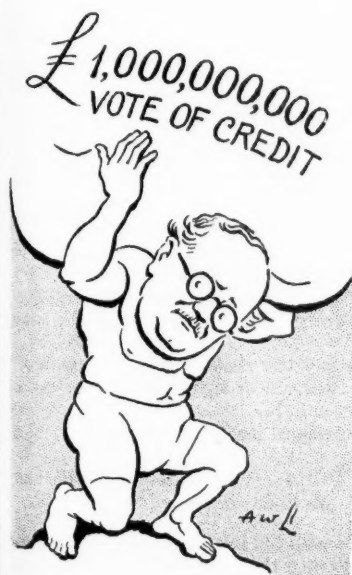
MR. STOKES

failed in France but the representatives of big business, the House was glad to learn that the Government intended to jump on any paper which attempted to interfere with our war effort.

Lord CROFT's assurance that no unnecessary interference with the Press would take place was repeated in the Commons by Mr. DUFF COOPER, who assured Mr. GALLACHER that the expression of opinion would remain free. Obviously if a country wants to win a war against an efficient enemy there are certain things which must not be said, and those who kick at this forget how much more they would lose by a German victory.

Major CAZALET raised the question of aliens' internment, and claimed that their cases could be more quickly reviewed and that some of the camps were inexcusably inadequate. He suggested the matter was grave enough to justify handing it over to a responsible Minister.

Mr. PEAKE (Under Secretary, Home Office) said the Government had been able to resist the demand to "intern the lot" until the appalling havoc caused by Fifth Columnists in the invasion of Holland and Belgium; since then the War Office had asked for much more drastic action, and the Government had been obliged to accede. "C" aliens could still be employed in suitable jobs. His Department aimed at making provision for married couples to go to the same camps, and where possible their children. The Dominions were helping greatly.



THE TREASURY TITAN

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD



"Well, in the trade, Sir, we never call it anything else."

Sir EDWARD GRIGG, who wound up, reminded the House that one of the biggest air battles in the war had just been fought at the coast, and asked the House to face facts. He was conducting an inquiry into conditions at internment camps, and promised to give it careful attention.

Thursday, July 11th.—The Lords were reassured by the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S statement on Egypt and Palestine. He denied that we had ever pressed Egypt to declare war on Italy, and said that the Egyptian people fully understood their identity of interest with us. They were threatened by Italy's attitude, and we intended to give them our protection as we had promised. After describing the amicable arrangement by which the French fleet at Alexandria had been demilitarized and the loyalty shown by both sides in Palestine as a result of the war, Lord HALIFAX said he was confident the peoples of the Near East would not be taken in by German intrigue.

Lord CROFT seemed very pleased with the L.D.V.s, and spoke of the possibility of giving them greatcoats. (Steel helmets are already being handed out.) And Lord BEAVERBROOK,

who excels in the unusual, praised our Treasury as well as the American authorities, and told the Lords our supplies of American aircraft would be very considerable this month. Home production was still severely limited, but everything possible was being done to expand it. The sky was the limit.

The Commons heard from Mr. HUDSON his plans for growing our food, plans which won Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S hard-earned approval.



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

This Member, Mr. ELLIS SMITH, 's oppressed By rank rebellion at his Nor-nor-west.

Sir Worthy in Bronze

STRANGER, you question why thus vacant stands This pedestal? It bore, defying time

Sir Worthy, lord of these adjacent lands, Posed to make permanent his pompous prime.

The effigy commemorated one Who served a grateful country in his day; Forget him not, for his memorial's gone To serve again in an obscurer way.

So pay the absentee his honour due; Now out of sight, must he be out of mind? He was at least the sparrows' rendezvous, And perch as stately may be hard to find.

We who his immolated bronze regret Salute the base on which it stoutly stood, Acknowledging a great example set— A patriot melted for his country's good!

W. K. H.

Talks for the Times

WITH Europe where she is to-day, and America where she may perhaps get to before mid-day to-morrow, and our own Island Fortress—as I have decided to call the British Isles—becoming every day more and more like an Island Fortress—with all this, as it were, going on all over the place, it will help us all to sit back for a moment or two with closed eyes, just *thinking*.

But thinking won't really do everything it might do, unless we think about something.

So I want you to lay aside the stirrup-pump, and the gas-mask, and the distributor—or whatever part of the car it was you removed under the belief that it was the distributor—and just close the eyes and let the mind wander. Some of you have perhaps got the habit of letting the mind wander already, and in that case just concentrate on closing the eyes—and do remember that it must, if we are really to relax, be *both* eyes.

Our dear old grandmothers, as we know, used to count sheep jumping over a stile, but we modern women take a more up-to-date view. Personally I now find it tremendously helpful to count parachutists dropping from the sky; and a very dear friend of mine tells me that she runs over the names of all the people she knows and loves best, wondering which of them is most likely to be detained by the police, and for what reason. But we all have our special little methods, haven't we? Some women I know plan out in their minds exactly what they mean to take with them if they have to leave home at five minutes' notice; and it's quite a good thing to remember here that if you're on foot and haven't done very much walking in the past five-and-twenty years you'll want to travel as *light* as possible. Cigarettes, handkerchiefs and a really reliable make-up set, rather than the piano or the writing-desk.

Another very helpful fancy is to ask yourself exactly what line you mean to take when somebody asks you the way. Even if you really know the way quite well you can always say quite simply that you're a stranger yourself, and if you don't know the way at all you can still say—just as simply—that you're a stranger yourself. Quite a good way of making sure that you really are dealing with an enemy is to ask him a test question—and here I do think we must all be a little bit careful to ask something to which

we ourselves know the answer. Otherwise there may be quite an awkward moment—don't you think?—if you say: 'What happened about the repeal of the Corn Laws?' and then realize too late that almost anything may have happened, but you just don't know about it.

So ask something very easy and straightforward: for instance: 'What happened to Little Boy Blue?' and you can feel perfectly certain that anyone who says 'He lost his sheep' or 'He sat on a tuffet' is thoroughly

un-English and had better not be told the way to anywhere at all.

And one more word about relaxing: if you find the mind getting too vacant, try to think out how you yourself could get to any single place where you don't happen to be already, with no signposts and next to no petrol and, quite soon, no money either.

I really do feel, don't you, that with all this to help, we ought to be able to relax with all our might and main, even if it means just one long continuous effort—tooth and nail. E. M. D.



"Remarkable! You're less when you try to expand than when you're fully contracted."

At the Spectacle

"CHU CHIN CHOW" (PALACE)

By the more censorious *Chu Chin Chow* was for a long time held up as a shocking example. It was the Bad Boy of the war-time family and showed What War Did to the Drama. This may appear to one who happens to be making his first visit to the piece in 1940 to be a judgment neither just nor kind. *Chu Chin Chow* emerges as a spectacular and respectable operetta with a basis in the Oriental tale of *Ali Baba* which has been a favourite in pantomime. *Ars longa*, we know, and this form of it has its *longueurs* too. But it is neither vulgar nor, by to-day's standards, does it possess the tedium of the self-consciously audacious which is the plague of modern musical shows. Moreover it has FREDERICK NORTON's first-rate score. The book by OSCAR ASCHE may be no great Shayks (that is the spelling of desert chieftains on the programme), but the songs of Araby are songs indeed. Who would not rob with such resonant robbers, or join in community clobbering with so vocal a cobbler?

Why then all the scolding? Because, one supposes, the affair ran so long. It smashed all records, and success in the arts, as in bridge, leaves one vulnerable. Nowadays, when a film which has survived for twenty days or so screams in jubilation "Fourth Glamorous Week," it is astonishing to think of a play which filled a very large London theatre for five years and might have boasted, film-wise, of entering on a "Second Lustrous Lustrum."

But of course you may say that *Chu Chin Chow* is not a play but a rance show. It was the spectacle, the gorgeous East, the Bazaar and Mart of Old Bagdad, the Persian apparatus (so odious to HORACE but so dear to us), the feminine parade and snake-like dance, that caused the enormity of the innings. And that, said the censorious, was all wrong. We ought to have been at *Heart-break House*, or otherwise preferring the Higher Drama to the Middle East.

Well, this time there is scarcely a trace of the Higher Drama left, and thus we can go to *Chu Chin Chow* with a fair conscience. We shall not find it now to be so enormously spectacular. These are times when theatrical investment must watch its small change,

and Mr. ROBERT ATKINS, the producer, has had to plan with thrift and mix his paint with brains. Battalions of camels are not forthcoming: ass and goat, arriving as single spies, must suffice for those who judge a show by its head



A SONG ABOUT BEANS

Mahbubah . . . MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER

of livestock. The scenery is more suggestive than demonstrative of Eastern grandeur. The "Open Sesame" trick of the treasure-cave is more heard about than seen. The tonnage and poundage of display and the spread of

canvas are comparatively modest. But this is enough.

So the old tale still finds new life as it swings on its musical and melodramatic way. What a tangled tale it is! He would be a very gifted and retentive person who could return home from *Chu Chin Chow* and correctly set down the plot in detail. The point is that the seeming Chinese is nothing of the sort, but the Shayk of the robbers; and we know that the lady called *Zahrat Al-Kubub*, who is always suffering equally from tantrums and detention, will be one day free and happy, even if she has to be a killer of the curious Chinese. And so indeed it does actually come right for her and wrong for him. He dies and she marries the *Baba*—or one of that ilk.

But not before we have enjoyed a conducted tour to the "Slave Market," the "Cactus Grove," and the "Robbers' Cave," and realized that *Ali Baba* is our old minstrel friend of all times and all operettas, a thing of rags and patches and bottles and ballads. We learn also, to an excellent air, that any time is kissing-time in old Bagdad as in any musical comedy. We hear much too of beans and oil and oysters stewed in honey, which strikes one as the vilest mixture ever invented and a just cause of all the boils in Bagdad. In short, here is fine mixed feeding of mirth and melody, ending up with the murder of the villain and the sight of that early essay in Fifth Columnar tactics, oil jars full of troops. Thus does an Anglo-Arabian night very properly conclude with a pretty reminder of Anglo-Iranian oil.

Mr. LYN HARDING now plays with mingled force and discretion the pseudo-Chinese bandit, who gives name and theme to the whole affair. Mr. JERRY VERNON sings and swigs with communicable relish as *Ali*, Miss MARJORIE BROWNE, as a white rose of Persia, and Miss KAY BOURNE, as a dark lady of Bagdad, are in excellent voice, while Miss ROSALINDE FULLER was never surely in finer or more fiery fettle than as *Zahrat*, a girl with a grievance who is always looking daggers and finally uses one. I. B.

The Trojan Whale

"It was followed within a few days by submarines, including the largest one in the French Navy, which carries an aeroplane, a number of destroyers, sloops, minelayers, small mosquito craft and a large and mixed collection of miscellaneous craft . . ."—*Daily Paper*.



HINTS TO YOUNG LOVERS

Ali Baba . . . MR. JERRY VERNON
Marjanah . . . MISS MARJORIE BROWNE
Nur Al-Huda Ali . . . MR. DENNIS NOBLE



"... and it will be found that in the long run the typewriter is mightier than the tank."

had got lost and which eventually came to light in the magazine of our C/O.—a veteran of three years' Great War experience hitherto considered rather knowledgeable about guns. Also, I scored a personal triumph by being the only one to bring a flask of tea; the others were relying as usual on the supplies in Mr. Gadger's late shop-parlour, and these had unfortunately been exhausted by last night's Guard without a thought for the morrow. Something is going to be said about this, I understand. There was also some stale washing-up, and something will probably be said—though nothing done—about this too.

Yet I am uneasy in my mind. Is the acquisition of a bearable bed an infallible guarantee of a night's rest after all? My bed is more than bearable, it is luxurious—but I have not slept. It is free from all those unkindnesses planned by the manufacturers of camp-beds; it neither squeaks when I toss nor explodes when I turn; it lacks the conventional central strut to make

excruciating contact with the spinal vertebrae; there are reasonably few naked tin-tacks to lacerate the sleeper's hands and tear holes in his socks; and (touch wood, which is easy) the entire contraption has not so far collapsed beneath me—a misfortune which has overtaken at least one member of the Guard each night since the Corps blossomed into being.

(On the early occasions of this disaster the muffled thud and rattle marking the bed's disintegration were followed alertly by cries of "Here they come!" and an unprincipled struggle for the nearest pair of uniform trousers. Now it evokes no more than the drowsy curses of the victim and the spiteful chuckles of the spared. Thus are we becoming inured to the rigours of war.)

There are four beds in our room, and we occupy them by reason of a lottery downstairs. We are the night's four sentries. It is a new idea, and a commendable one, to segregate the watch in this way. Last time, when it was

dotted indiscriminately over the whole building, an electric torch was flashed on each bed every two hours on the off-chance that it might contain the relieving sentry, and all ten of us passed an unsettled night. Matters were made worse by one of our number's having armed himself against starvation with a bag of bull's-eyes. He was of a generous and wakeful disposition, and handed them round at frequent intervals until the grey light of dawn mercifully and unaccountably brought him sleep.

One of our beds is empty now, but two o'clock draws near; it will be filled then, and mine will be empty. I shall not be sorry when the footsteps lumber up the uncarpeted stairs, accompanied by the boom of a carelessly bouncing rifle-butt, for I have not slept yet.

The watch from ten to twelve was kept by a silent man with no collar. He stood apart, as sentries should, and watched our games of darts and dominoes with an air of detachment.

He had not been with our Guard before, and none of us knew him, but he did not seem to mind this, nor inclined to remedy it. He was a very silent man, and seemed to be waiting for something other than an urgent summons shouted through our letter-box. I know now what he was waiting for.

Apart from saying to nobody in particular that he supposed we should get Lee-Enfields if we waited long enough, he spoke no word for three hours. He accepted a pipeful of tobacco from me at about 11.30, but that was the limit of our intimacy, and I rather think he forgot to thank me. He was a very silent man.

I held none of this against him, telling myself that his very presence amongst us was an earnest of his worth, that silence was known to be a virtue, and that collars were of small moment in times like these. But now—now that he sleeps within a few feet of me, I resent all these things: his presence amongst us, his silence (downstairs),

and the laryngeal freedom afforded by his collarlessness. . . .

For the silent man is a King-snorer.

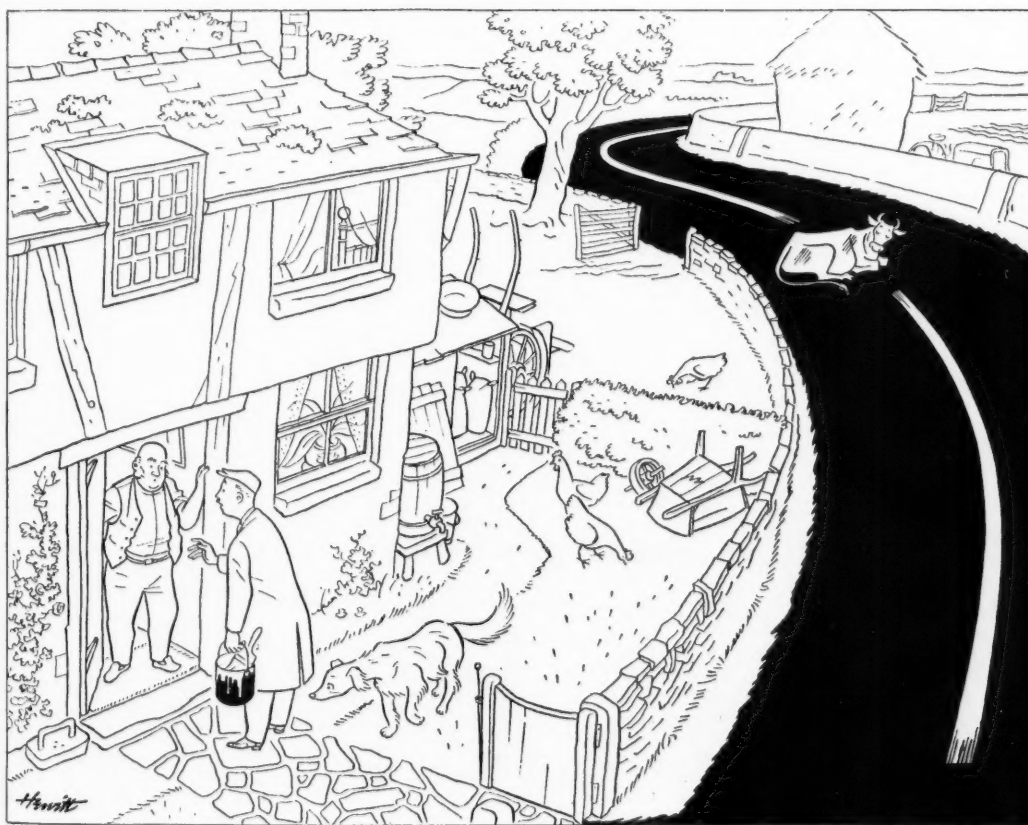
In this last two hours I have been subjected to such snoring as I hope I may never hear again. The technique is an odd one and worth recording.

The snore proper grows out of what seems at first to be merely inoffensive deep breathing; but with slow subtlety this changes to long, long sighs of ecstasy, as if his soul were filled with a delight which no words could paint. Then after a time comes a still longer but less joyous sigh. There is a note of pain in it, particularly in the falling cadences, which are fraught with bitterness and disillusionment, and this *motif* is developed ultimately to the stern exclusion of all joy. The note broadens into a sort of angry double-stopping, rising higher and higher in the tenor scale with each breath, till finally on a throbbing climax of anguish and despair it cracks and breaks into gibberish, ricocheting

down a hiccupping chromatic scale into a gobbling aftermath of remembered agony. A fit of dry coughing occurs at this point, and I know that full circle has been reached. The sleeper goes back to the *da capo* sign; the deep breathing begins again; then the joyous sighs; then the resentful note. . . .

Occasionally, just as it is coming to the boil, the occupant of the bed behind me ventures to move a limb, and the resulting succession of whip-crack effects interferes with the collarless man's machinery and sends the performance prematurely back to the double-bar. Otherwise there is no variation.

It was interesting at first. I sat up to listen to it. But after two hours it has palled, and now I lie down to listen to it. And through its familiar discords I strain my ears for the footsteps on the stairs. When they come I shall seize my rifle thankfully and hurry down below to get a bit of sleep.



"I wonder if I might bother you . . ."

A Matter of Form

NATURE somehow seems to have no discrimination. Thus, one summer's evening in the lounge of a Hampton Court villa a tiny piece of grit was wafted about by some profane wind until it landed in no less august a place than the right eye of Mr. Walter Popper, Assistant-Controller of Fallen Timber, a man of great worth.

The effect was to make him very cross indeed. He rubbed the eye immediately, but as this had no beneficial result he rubbed it harder.

"Something in your eye, Walter?" said his wife, grasping the situation.

"Yes, blast it!" he responded with bitterness, and went on rubbing.

Mrs. Popper, who had begun a course of War-time Elementary First Aid, at once suggested, "Rub the other eye."

He glowered at her. "What for?" he asked. "Might as well rub the kitchen stove."

"All right," she replied undauntedly—"only they told us that at the classes. Anyhow, let me have a look at the eye and see what I can do."

Mr. Popper resigned himself and for quite a while she tried various means of ousting the intrusive object from the afflicted eye, but the latter malignantly

stood its ground. Moreover the pain grew more intense, water was streaming down the victim's face and he began to feel as if his eye was harbouring something the size of a door-knob.

"It's no use," said he then. "I'll have to get a doctor. I can't go to the office tomorrow with an eye that's all bloodshot."

His wife promptly got to work on the telephone, but it was no easy task to find a doctor willing to come out at 10 P.M. Their own man was away and several strange ones whom she approached were already engaged. In the end, however, she persuaded a Doctor Hubble to come to the rescue.

"As soon as possible; very urgent," she added, and her tone almost suggested that the physician would find a leg hanging by a string on his arrival.

Ten minutes later he arrived and was shown straight into Mr. Popper's study. The patient had meanwhile been chafing not only with pain but with annoyance. His life was an ordered one in which things happened according to rote, and he resented bitterly the accident whereby a mandarin of the Civil Service should have his schedule of existence interrupted by a tiny bit of grit. Therefore he welcomed the doctor with warmth.

"Something in my eye—right eye," said he, pointing to the inflamed object.

The doctor merely nodded and then produced from his pocket a large square notebook and a fountain-pen. Like a stage policeman, Mr. Popper thought.

Next the doctor sat down at a table.

"Your name?" said he severely.

"Walter Popper," was the reply.

"But would you please do something—?"

"A moment, please," said the other.

"Your address?"

Mr. Popper gave it.

"Your age?"

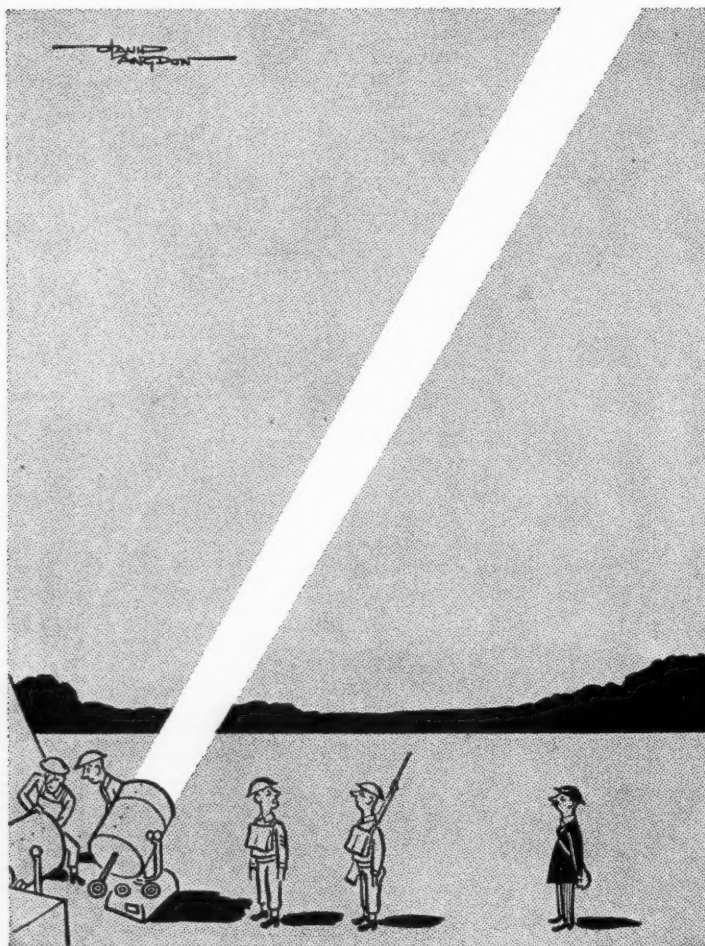
"Look here," said the patient, "do we need to go into all this now?"

"There's a right way and a wrong way of doing things," was the cold response. "I prefer the right way."

"Fifty-five," said Mr. Popper, shaken.

The doctor noted the reply in his book and then inquired as to Mr. Popper's meal-times, hours of sleep, the name of his regular medical attendant and a number of other matters, all of which his patient thought superfluous. But his protests had no effect, and it was not till the dossier of information was complete that the physician closed his notebook and got to grips with the case.

Then he produced a pocket microscope, rough-handled Mr. Popper's



"Give him my compliments and tell him that, while we admire the subtlety of his point, we prefer to assume that the black-out regulations do NOT apply to searchlights."

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"Why can't you be content with a mask, like other people?"

eyelids, gazed into the distressed eye, drew forth a snow-white handkerchief and with a deft flick removed something from Mr. Popper's eye-ball.

"There you are," said he.

Mr. Popper blinked and felt relieved.

"Thank you," said he. "That's a lot better."

The doctor bowed.

Then Mr. Popper remembered the interrogation.

"Still," he went on, "I can't see why you had to ask all those questions before you put my eye right."

"I'll explain that," was the reply.

"Mr. Popper, I own and work a small holding, about ten acres, at Browley in Bucks. Recently a huge branch broke off an old elm-tree and fell across a potato-patch. It interfered with our work but the new regulations do not permit us to lift it without authority."

"Section Seven, Lifting of Fallen Timber," said Mr. Popper.

"I know," went on the doctor. "So

I rang up your office for the necessary authority. I believe I spoke to you yourself on the subject. You told me I had to fill in a form in triplicate before you could even consider the matter. I did so. That was seventeen days ago. Up to this morning no reply had come to hand. I did not complain, however. I saw that things had to be done through the regular channels and the policy appealed to me. That is why, when I came here just now, I proceeded to carry out a proper routine before dealing with your ailment. In fact in all future cases I am going to adopt a very elaborate preliminary procedure, something in triplicate, I fancy."

Mr. Popper sighed; he saw. He had been beaten with his own stick. He almost perceived the humour of the situation.

"I understand," said he. "But, in the case of a sore eye . . ."

"Mr. Popper," was the reply, "you can never imagine what an eyesore that fallen elm is to me."

Thesis by a Student of English in Tokyo

THE banana are a great fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, different being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrappings of banana.

The banana are held aloft while consuming, sausage are usually left lying in reclining position.

Sausage depend for creation on human beings or stuffing machine, while banana are pristine product of honourable Mother Nature.

In case of sausage both conclusions are attached to other sausage; banana, on other hands, are attached one end to stem and opposite termination entirely loose.

Finally, banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage often undecided.



"Well, what do you think of it?"
"What do I think of what?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Essential France

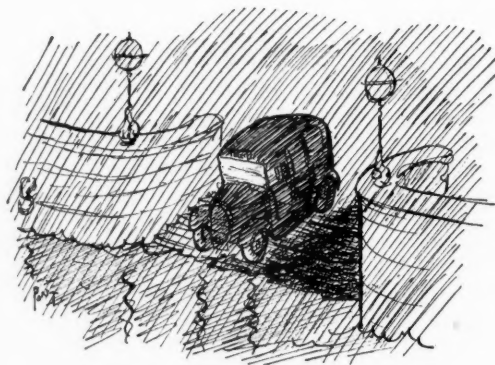
THE words of the preface which M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS wrote for the English version of his latest book have acquired, since he wrote them, a tragic irony. "Now, for the second time, France and England have united their destinies. Both are well aware that, henceforth, only by remaining united can they preserve their liberties and maintain their national existence. Now more than ever do they need to know one another." Yet why should those words be blotted out? France, the real France, still needs what England will sooner or later be able to give her; while England will always need, as a corrective to her own more extravagant virtues, that gracious sanity which runs like a silver thread through the French genius. In *The Art of Living* (ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES PRESS, 7/6) M. MAUROIS shows himself a worthy descendant of MONTAIGNE, an adept in worldly wisdom. Life, as he sees it, is not to be lived at haphazard; for it may, by conscious effort, be shaped into a comely thing. This thesis he applies to love and marriage, family life and friendship, thinking, working and leadership, growing old, and finally, happiness. His book indeed might have been called *The Art of Happiness*. It abounds in memorable *dicta*, witty but serious and often profound. A volume of maxims might be culled from it to set beside LA ROCHEFOUCAULD'S. But M. MAUROIS has not the ducal cynicism. How could he have, when he believes that "almost all men improve on acquaintance"? As kind-hearted as clear-sighted, he has written an urbane manual of right civilization.

Then and Now

The sun when it shines upon Germany can surely seldom find anything new to light up in a land where human types and even political situations recur with almost startling regularity. In his sober, lucid, and therefore all the more damning narrative of German policy and behaviour during *The War Crisis in Berlin, July-August, 1914* (CONSTABLE, 18/-), where he was then Counsellor at the British Embassy, Sir HORACE RUMBOLD points a moral for the present and issues a formidable warning for the future. The JAGOWS and BETHMANN-HOLLWEGS, MOLTKEs, TIRPITZES, and LUDENDORFFS of those days have their modern and more ruthless counterparts. Even the new War Lord is only the old War Lord endowed with an iron will and boundless self-confidence. The aim to be achieved remains the same—world domination. Sir HORACE RUMBOLD witnessed the breaking of the earlier storm and after fourteen years returned to Berlin as Ambassador to see the war-clouds piling up again over Germany and Europe. In a remarkable dispatch dated April 26th, 1933, Sir HORACE warned the British Government of HITLER'S designs and ambitions. His words—alas!—aroused no armed response. A timely book that should be read by everyone and re-read by those who will presently be called upon to make peace.

Johnson's Cloud of Witnesses

To every lover of the great lexicographer one would commend *Johnson Without Boswell* (METHUEN, 8/6) not only as a delightful anthology but as a companion and corrective to the sole and omnipotent BOSWELL. Here, Mr. HUGH KINGSMILL has assembled the evidence of his hero's private and business letters, his meditations and prayers, his friends, his acquaintances and casual contemporary report, to construct a composite portrait in many ways more human and appealing than the well-known lion's mask. Here the pompous ANNA SEWARD, whose schoolmaster grandfather inspired poor SAMUEL with terror and Jacobite principles, describes "the stupendous stripling's" "low, squalid youth," and the little shop where his step-daughter sold penny battledores. Here MURPHY confirms the legend of the bookseller floored with a folio. Here Mrs. THRALE, Sir JOHN HAWKINS and countless others paint the egoisms and charities of his prime: Sir JOHN'S details of his hard-pressed end including the characteristic jibe at the male nurse



"It never fails to amaze me how these taxi-drivers find their way about at night."

"awkward as a Turnspit just put into the wheel and as sleepy as a dormouse." In a word, here are all the souvenirs, big and little, which, when you cherish their subject as many of us cherish JOHNSON, are riches indeed.

America Awakes.

American White Paper (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 2/6) is an unofficial experiment by two Washington correspondents, Mr. JOSEPH ALSOP and Mr. ROBERT KINTNER, who trace the steady movement, between Munich and to-day, of American foreign policy from the point at which America refused the French and British offer of "continuous consultation" to her present anxious awareness that Britain is her first line of defence against barbarian ambitions which her hopelessly inadequate armaments do nothing to discourage. It is a successful and exciting experiment, using documents, dialogue and very lucid analysis, and building up a picture of American opinion rather in the manner of the "March of Time" films. It shows the PRESIDENT and his little band of intimate advisers watching over the sick-bed of Europe, eagerly awaiting reports from their two chief physicians on the spot, BULLITT and KENNEDY, and constantly working within the exacting limits of the American political system to make help for the Allies a reality. Will they lead America into war? These authors, who have no doubt of German intentions and no doubt of the instant necessity for rearming their country to the hilt, believe that though determined not to send an expeditionary force to Europe, the PRESIDENT might view quite differently the dispatch of naval and air assistance.

Hashed Lamb

Your biographer approaches of late ever closer to the novelist in his method: in return your writer of fiction now begins to take celebrated literary characters for his protagonists. Thus Mr. VACHELL only the other day with SHERIDAN in *The Great Chameleon*: thus to-day Mr. NEIL BELL with CHARLES LAMB in a novel which he calls *So Perish the Roses* (COLLINS, 9/6). He has made a big book out of it, beginning early with the birth of his hero in Crown Office Row and following him faithfully through all his flittings to his death at Edmonton. Mr. BELL seems unnecessarily anxious to explode once again the old legend of the "gentle Elia"—which is surely to flog a horse already dead if not decomposed. In the process he goes rather to the opposite extreme, so that the impression many readers will retain after reading his book will be of a fuddled



Manager of Labour Exchange (to man whom he has sent to a job for "an intelligent labourer to assist the demonstrator of tanks; one who can hold his tongue about the work"). "WELL, MIKE, HOW'S EVERYTHING GOING?"

Mike (confidentially). "FAITH, BUT THEY'RE A DEAD FAILURE, SORR. WHY, THREE WEEKS I'VE BEEN ON THIM TANKS AND NIVER WAN HAS RIZ OFF THE GROUND YET."

George Belcher, July 18th, 1917

and unmannerly fellow who regularly ruined every social gathering at which he happened to be present. We prefer to take the opinion of DE QUINCEY, bearing in mind that LAMB's head for strong liquor was one of the weakest ever known—"To me, Lamb never seemed intoxicated, but at

most joyously elevated . . . he was always rational, quiet and gentlemanly in his habits." Mr. BELL is probably on safer ground in laying stress on the four major love-affairs, wrecked on the reef of the family taint of insanity. He deserves, too, commendation for the skill with which he has managed to include a whole mass of material gleaned from the letters and essays. There is hardly a single reported saying of CHARLES LAMB that is not to be found embedded in these four hundred odd pages.

Ebb-Tide in Ireland

Country and Town in Ireland under the Georges (HARRAP, 18/-) had less than you would imagine in common with the rural and urban England of the same period. Apart from the fact that living—if you had anything to live on—was cheaper in Ireland and taxes fewer, the odds were, for the most part, unfavourable to Ireland. The "conquest" was still running its dreary course of five hundred years; landlords were usually of alien stock and alien religion to their peasantry; and the comfortable buffer state of burgesses and yeomen, which served in England as a counterpoise and, later on, a menace to an otherwise unchecked aristocracy, was virtually lacking. These social factors soundly posited, Dr. CONSTANTIA MAXWELL proceeds, with the disinterested scholarship and alert enthusiasm which made her *Dublin Under the Georges* so memorable, to introduce us intimately to peers and playboys, parsons and hedge-priests, schoolmasters, singers, soldiers, mill-owners, wreckers, smugglers, highwaymen—a nation as it were in solution. Historically of real value, her book is a romance in its own right; and her charming illustrations—especially the vivid little water-colours of the *Pakenham Journal*—are admirable reinforcements of a chronicle essentially picturesque.

Wholesome Food

Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE, with his *May We Come Through?* (PETER DAVIES, 7/6), a collection of fourteen short stories, feeds his readers with just the kind of food they are likely to want; very good food it is too, especially with regard to the present time. He has laid himself out to give pleasure, and his subjects are all pleasant. He has a turn of humour, and he can touch pathos without pulling the stop out too far.

His themes are various. Probably the best tale in the book is "Possession," but one reader's favourite is "Museum Piece," which deals with the life-story of a top-hat. Those who have a taste for sordidness in their literature should give this book a wide berth; to others it may be recommended as a sedative during air-raids. His sin is on his first page, where he talks about the West Country. One has not known that expression used down West, nor has one come across it among up-country folk.

On Trek and Track

An attractive flavour of caravan-life adds to the pleasure of reading *Dusky Night* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/3), and in addition Mr. VICTOR BRIDGES tells his story without the noise of big guns and with considerable humour. He keeps a tight hold on his mystery, and if a murder and suicide are too opportune to be entirely credible, these lethal happenings do not seriously interfere with the success of the tale. Mr. BRIDGES is one of the least niggardly of authors, and on this occasion he provides us with an investigator who is conspicuously human, and also with a love-story that runs with a refreshing ripple to a happy ending.

Successful Attacks

In spite of *The Four Defences* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/3), evil-doers met with just, if not swift, retribution in this cleverly constructed story. Here Mr. J. J. CONNINGTON's *Counsellor* makes his second appearance, and it would not, among the fictional detectives of to-day, be easy to find a man whose methods were sounder. But quite deliberately Mr. CONNINGTON emphasizes his priggish side, and if

Inspector Hartell at times is rather dense, *The Counsellor* is not infrequently rather irritating. This, however, is only a minor vexation in a tale which as regards plot must be awarded full marks. With elaborate precautions the criminals erected their defences, but with even greater skill *The Counsellor* penetrated them.

o o

"On Friday about two hundred weight of the Irish Land Commission, has been used in candle-making, in six inch squares, was washed in at Rosnowlagh Strand."—*Irish Paper*.

So now you know.



"Turn right at the black paint, straight on at the chiselled stone, and second left at the removed road-sign."

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